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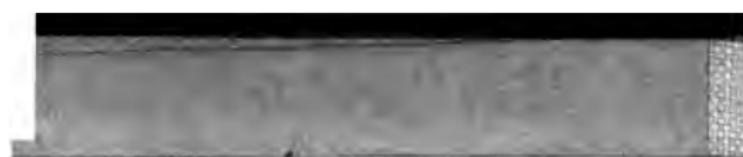
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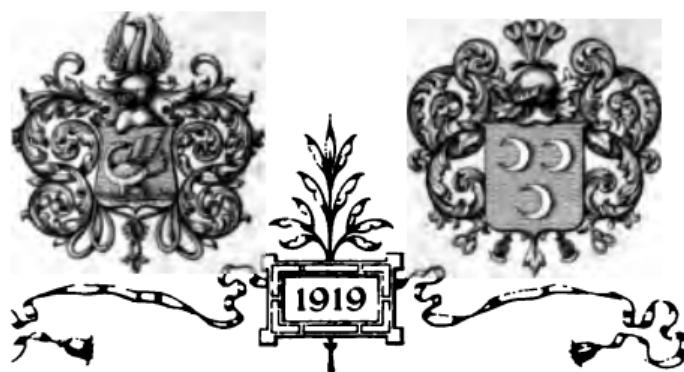
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BY VICTOR HUGO PALTSITS

*Under the terms of the last will and testament of
CATHERINE GANSEVOORT LANSING*

*granddaughter of
General Peter Gansevoort, junior
and widow of the
Honorable Abraham Lansing
of Albany, New York*



W.B.H.



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2







THE

MEASURES OF RELIGION:

A POEM.

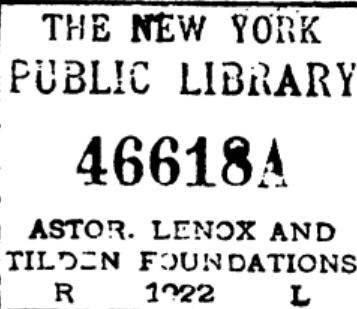
Sam (Linn) De Witt.

— "Thou bounteous Giver of all good,
Thou art of all thy gifts Thyself the crown.
Give what thou canst, without thee we are poor,
And with Thee rich, take what thou wilt away."

New-York:

T. HARRIES, 72^o BOWERY.

MDCXXXII.



Southern District of New York, ss:

BE IT REMEMBERED, that on the thirty-first day of July, in the forty-fifth year of the Independence of the United States of America, C. S. Van Winkle, of the said district, hath deposited in this office, the title of a book, the right whereof he claims, as proprietor, in the words following, to wit:

“THE PLEASURES OF RELIGION:

A Poem.

“Thou bounteous Giver of all good,
Thou art of all thy gifts, Thyself the crown.
Give what thou canst, without Thee we are poor,
And with Thee rich, take what thou wilt away.”

In conformity to the act of Congress of the United States, entitled, “An act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts, and books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned; and also, to an act, entitled, “An act supplementary to an act entitled, an act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts, and books to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned, and extending the benefits thereof to the arts of designing, engraving, and etching historical and other prints.”

GILBERT L. THOMPSON,
Clerk of the Southern District of New York.

T. Harries, Printer, 72 Bowery.

P R E F A C E.

THE principal part of this Poem was written many years ago, in early youth. It was not then intended for the public eye. But the idea has been suggested, that it might, perhaps, in some small degree, befriend the cause of religion.

With this impression, the wish to withhold it ought not to be indulged. It is, therefore, now offered to the public, by one who desires to contribute what little she can to the happiness of mankind, which she believes cannot be effectually promoted without that Religion, some of the pleasures of which are here attempted to be described.

2

THE
PLEASURES OF RELIGION.

2

On thou, sweet Bard of Memory's magic powers !
Whose tuneful page can charm life's cheerless hours ;
From the sad heart can steal its present wo,
Bid it with blissful recollection glow.

And thou, enchanting Bard ! whose youthful lays
Gay Hope hath gilded with her brightest rays,
Still shall your numbers joys refin'd impart
While memory soothes, or hope revives the heart.
But say, is Memory pleasure ?—In her train
How often move remorse, regret, and pain :
And smiling as the enchantress Hope appears,
She leads along a group of trembling fears ;

And oh! how oft when darling buds just blow,
Chill sweeps the blast and lays the promise low.
Adventurous maid! how dar'st thou thus aspire
To touch with feeble hand a seraph's lyre ?
Shrinks not thy timid youth with blushing fear
To meet the "world's dread laugh," the critic's snee
Why dread the critic's frown ? I ask not Fame
To wreath her honours round my humble name ;
E'en should the muse have garlands yet to spare,
I do not ask them for my auburn hair—
Still let it careless flutter o'er my breast,
Loose to the winds—unlaurell'd, and unrest.

Thou first, thou best of beings, may thy smile
Prosper the fervent wish that prompts the toil ;
Deign to pronounce the humble effort blest,
And bid thy peace illume each kindred breast.

Blasted in all thy trusting heart held dear,
Why, child of Hope, that unexpected tear ?



Though hope may promise rapture's rich repast,
Say, can she promise that the scene will last?
Then why on joys so transient place thy mind—
Joys which, at best, at death must be resigned.
In fancied bliss why waste the fleeting day,
And muse and dream and hope thy life away?
Oh give me pleasures I must not resign—
Oh give me joys which ever shall be mine;
No cherished hope which must at last depart,
When stern Experience tears it from the heart;
No soft romantic dream which Fancy fires,
Steals the fond heart, and while it charms, expires;
The child of Hope, then frenzied with despair,
Drowns in her tears her palaces of air.

Phantoms of bliss! ye glittering forms! away:
Come to my heart, thou heaven-directed ray—
Dry every tear, bid earth-born sorrow cease,
And to the bleeding bosom whisper peace.—
Give to each painful passion that repose,
That heavenly calm RELIGION only knows.

Oh sacred power ! without thy cheering ray,
How cold our joys ! how dark our brightest day !
And when each joy departs with fleeting breath,
Alas ! how dark the awful night of death !
'Tis thou alone can'st light the fearful gloom—
To shrinking nature reconcile the tomb.

Let all thy hopes, thy boundless wishes reign,
With all the transports fancy e'er could feign—
Unite them all, and be of all possest—
Now speak, ingenuous bosom, art thou blest ?
Dost thou not still some unknown want deplore ?
And still, insatiate, ever grasp at more ?
How cold must be the heart which does not prize
The thousand blessings lavish earth supplies !
It unexhausted treasures can impart
Which win, enchant, but ne'er could fill the heart.
But should Religion her blest influence lend,
Redoubled raptures all its joys attend ?
With every charm she blends a charm divine,
She can do more—can teach us to resign.

Since all must be resign'd, come heavenly power!
Whose smile can cheer the desolated hour,
To sorrow's wounds thy healing balm bestow,
And mingle nectar in the cup of wo.

See rosy youth,* gay, bounding o'er the plain!
With health, grace, beauty, laughing in her train:
A thousand sportive joys around her fly,
And every hope lights up her ardent eye;
Her dreams of future years expect to prove
Unchanging friendship, everlasting love;

* This description of youth was published, May, 1804, in the
"Literary Magazine and American Register" of Philadelphia:
it was seen several years afterwards by a friend of the author
in an English work, but without any reference to the source
from whence it was taken: the author never saw the English
book herself, but this circumstance is mentioned, in order that
any person seeing them both, may compare the dates.

At each sad tale the ready tear-drops start,
Each generous action swells the enthusiast's heart :
How sweet the tear which clouds the eye awhile !
Bathes Hope's bright cheek, then finishes—a smile.
How sweet the feelings noble deeds inspire !
Which burn to reach the virtues they admire :
Oh spring of life with every transport warm,
When all is new and every scene can charm,
Era of bliss!—thy rapid flight delay ;
Ye golden hours—enchanting moments, stay !
But ah ! how vain the wish ! for soon must fly
The roseate cheek, the rapture-beaming eye ;
Bright tints of beauty we no longer trace,
The frolic step, or form of agile grace ;
But can that fervid heart forget to glow,
And hear with apathy another's wo ?
Ah ! shall that open brow be stamped with guile ?
Or pale distrust supplant that playful smile ?
Must all youth's vivid feelings be forgot ?
Guardians of human bliss ! permit it not :

PLEASURES OF RELIGION.

Time ! take thine own, bid every charm depart
From youth's sweet form, but spare the youthful heart.
Oh spare that heaven-strung lyre, with rapture stor'd :
Blunt not the music of a single chord ;
Though doom'd to notes of wo, still let it own
Each soft vibration—each entrancing tone ;
Still let it beat to every virtue just,
Though oft deceived, oh may it ever trust ;
Let not cold interest, with his frown severe,
Chill the warm wish, or check the tender tear ;
Bid friendship still with generous fervor burn,
Though unrequited friendship it must mourn.
Nor let affection from the bosom fly,
Though doom'd to heave the unregarded sigh ;
Let not one bright ennobling passion cease,
Nor lose one feeling, though to purchase peace.
Oh thou, arrayed in every charm of youth !
Come with that look of innocence and truth—
Come with that glowing, tender, artless breast,
And be a SAVIOUR's image there imprest.

At each sad tale the ready tear-drops start,
Each generous action swells the enthusiast's heart :
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Come with that look of innocence and truth—
Come with that glowing, tender, artless breast,
And be a Saviour's image there imprest.

Oh come, and let Religion's altar prove,
The fragrant incense of thy earliest love.
When youth's gay scenes fade fast in thoughtful years,
And sorrow bathes the faltering steps in tears—
Come then, blest power, and thy celestial art
Shall guide to heaven the disappointed heart—
Shall tell us, in those realms of love and truth
Bloom bliss eternal and immortal YOUTH.

Who would the soul in sordid wealth immerse,
Which waves may swallow, or the winds disperse ?
Without the bliss of making others blest,
It gives no transports to the generous breast.
While poverty one hapless wretch destroys,
How couldst thou revel in superfluous joys ?
Can the down pillow, or the velvet bed,
Give sweeter slumbers to the aching head ?
To the rack'd frame can glittering gold give ease ?
Or will thy pictur'd walls exclude disease ?
Can the light dance, or music's softest strain,
Bid conscience sleep, or charm to rest one pain ?

Full many a robe adorn'd with jewels rare
Folds o'er a breast that heaves with anxious care :—
Full many a fair one lifts her languid eyes,
Sees all are gay, and wonders why she sighs.

Worl'dling! thy joys are transitory, wild ;
Oh, happier far Religion's meanest child :
Would he exchange for all thy boasted wealth,
The peaceful bosom, or the glow of health ?
The grateful heart for every blessing given ?
The sweet dependence on the care of heaven ?—
Secure he slumbers on his lowly bed,
While howls the storm around his straw-roof'd shed.

Despond not then, ye children of his love !
Fear not one want your Father can remove ;
That guardian power whose eye surrounds us all,
Who looks with pity on a sparrow's fall ;
That heavenly Father, merciful and mild,
Will he forsake his own adoring child ?

Or does ambition prompt thy restless sigh?
Do Fame and power attract thy soaring eye?
Say, would'st thou dare to mount a tottering throne?
Pants thy fond heart to call a world thy own?
Take History's volumes—read the annals there,
Of aching crown'd heads—of "sceptred care."
To paint each mournful story to our eyes,
Would check aspiring wishes as they rise,
Arrest ambition in her mad career,
Bid envy melt in pity's softest tear.
Were thine a throne, its pleasures and its pride,
Oh yet accept this sweet, this angel guide;
Her smile would add new glories to thy crown,
And cheer thy soul, though all the world should frow...
T'was this sustained thee in each trying scene,
And formed thy triumph, lovely martyr Queen;*

* Lady Jane Grey.

It was religion taught thy youthful heart
With life, with empire, and with love to part;
T'was not ambition thy pure heart beguil'd;
Ah how could Mary blame the duteous child?
In wrath she hurl'd the fair usurper down,
Tore from her placid brow her transient crown;
With vengeful heart her punishment decreed,
And doom'd the sweet Philosopher to bleed:
She with calm mind received her doom unmov'd,
And suffered only in the friends she lov'd;
Her conscious soul defy'd a tyrant's frown,
Look'd to the skies, and saw a brighter crown;
She blest her murderer, raised her grateful eyes,
And fell—more nobly than the noblest rise.

But is ambition bliss, its wish possest?
Oh tell us, then, why are not heroes blest?
Say, does not Ceasar's, Alexander's fame,
Degraded, sink in Howard's nobler name?

He forg'd no chains to bind the bleeding breast,
But loos'd the chains of innocence opprest
His generous heart for other's wrongs could feel,
And traversed the wide world those wrongs to heal
His laurels cost no wretch his last deep sigh,
He reads his triumphs in the thankful eye ;
They cost no widow's tear, no orphan's groan,
but the sweet tear of gratitude alone.
Must not these deeds a richer joy afford
Than bleeding thousands conquered by his sword ?
Than burning towns, than palaces laid low,
Than shouts of victory mix'd with groans of wo ?
Oh dawn, blest day ! when, savage fame resign'd,
Man lives the friend—not murderer of his kind ;
When war's inhuman paths no more are trod,
And all ambition is to serve our God ;
Fade blood-stained laurel ! war thy clangour cease
Commence thy reign, oh, glorious Prince of Peace !

Or should thy heart with softer passions swell,
Cling to the friend it soon must bid farewell:
Relentless death no prayers, no vows can move,
Nor friendship's tears, nor agonies of love:
Clos'd is the eye that cheered our brightest day—
Mute the lov'd voice that charm'd our griefs away—
Cold the warm heart our blessings once could bless,
Whose sympathy made every sorrow less :
Oh what can memory from her stores supply,
To check the pang, or dry the tearful eye ?
Or what can hope, with all her smiles, impart,
To soothe the anguish of the plundered heart ?

How sweet this midnight scene ! the breeze that blows
Seems but to hush all nature to repose ;
The full-orb'd moon, its nightly course begun,
Bright and unclouded, seems a softer sun ;
See her beams glimmer where the willows wave
Their drooping foliage o'er the new-made grave !

What lovely form appears, so sad, so fair,
Her dark robes mingling with her streaming hair ?
The clock tolls twelve; sweet mourner ! what has power,
To break thy slumbers at this silent hour ?
No sleep is broken, Emma knows no sleep,
But steals at midnight o'er the grave to weep :
See the once shrinking fair one fearless tread,
Through the long grass, and o'er the slumbering dead
Sink on the well-known spot she came to seek,
And give the clay-cold turf her fading cheek !
No tears she sheds, but sighs of black despair
Burst from her heart, and tell the anguish there.
Two fairy forms now glide across the green,
The one with pensive, one with joyous mien :
'Tis musing Memory ; gayly at her side
Moves Hope, our flatterer, our delusive guide ;
Around the moonlit scene they cast their eyes,
Then bend their steps where Emma mourning lies.

*"I come," said MEMORY, "to relieve thy pain,
Almost to give thee Henry back again ;*

I to thy heart his image will restore—
Will count his charms, his talents o'er and o'er ;
Revive those scenes his smiles did once improve,
Speak with his voice, and look his looks of love—
Bring to thine ear his touching voice in prayer,
Which rose to heaven, and told his heart was there—
Dwell with enchanted pause on every grace,
Which once illum'd his soul-expressive face—
Recall with vivid touch those happy hours,
When in thy path love strew'd its sweetest flowers :
Thy Henry's virtues shall each thought employ,
Which form'd thy home a Paradise of Joy.”

“Hence, busy Memory, from my tortur'd heart,
With all thy train of images, depart :
To me no power like thine can bring relief,
Each touch thy pencil gives renews my grief ;
Paint not his flowers that love and joy once gave,
Which, blasted, wither on my Henry's grave ;
Paint not his virtues, once my fond heart's boast,
To that fond heart forever—ever lost ;

Oh bid no more thy heightened picture glow,
Thou giv'st each pang unutterable wo.
Come, blest oblivion ! all my senses steep,
And lull each feeling in eternal sleep ;
Oh my lost love ! revive in breathing charms,
Or lock thy Emma in thine icy arms."

The hapless fair one, wilder with despair,
Roll'd her dark eyes, and tore her silken hair ;
With frantic voice her Henry's shade addrest,
Kiss'd his cold grave, and clasped it to her breast :
Then starts, her Henry's fancied voice she hears,
Faints on the turf, and bathes it with her tears ;
Then smiling HOPE unveil'd her beauteous face,
That blue-ey'd charmer of the human race :
"Weep, Emma, weep," she said, "but cease to rave,
Nor strew such ringlets on the unconscious grave ;
Raise from the senseless ground those charming eyes,
And view my fairy prospects round thee rise :
My richest treasures shall thy woes beguile,
The world admiring, courts again thy smile ;

Whole years of joy in bright succession see,
Look up, sweet maid, I promise all to thee."

" Oh flatterer cease ! my bleeding bosom spare,
Offer no joys my Henry cannot share ;
What is the world to me ?—its charms are o'er,
They all expired when Henry breathed no more ;
'Twas he alone could every scene endear ;
Talk not of hope—my hope is buried here."

Rejected Hope then found each promise vain,
And veil'd her blushes in her azure train,
Hid her fair head among the willow boughs,
And bound the flexile foliage round her brows.
Another form now meets the raptur'd eyes,
Whose seraph mien bespeaks her native skies ;
Of radiant white her robes celestial flow'd
And heaven's own halo round her temples glow'd ;
Serene, benign, her angel face express'd
The errand which her melting voice address't.

“Is then thy hope beneath that grassy sod ?
Oh, guilty mourner has thou left thy God ?
Return ! return ! his word forbids despair—
Rise from that grave, thy Henry is not there ;
In heaven his spirit dwells, released from pain—
And wouldst thou bring him back to earth again ?—
Tear from his angel brows his heavenly crown,
And from seraphic glory drag him down ?
Oh impious wish ! Oh most unhallow’d prayer !
Forgive, my God, the accents of despair !
Far from thy heart such selfish grief remove,
And bid it melt in penitence and love.
Did that great God whom countless worlds obey,
Who fills the throne of universal sway,
To whom all nature owes her form and breath,
Descend to pain, to poverty, and death ?
And shall the soul whose guilt enhanc’d his doom,
Pour all its sorrows o’er a mortal’s tomb ?
Waste thus on earth its warmest, noblest fires,
And feel no anguish when its God expires ?

Can thy hard heart forget his wondrous love,
Who left for thee his realms of bliss above ?
With every earthly joy thy fond heart glow'd,
Yet quite forgot the God who all bestowed.
Still, still, he loved thee, and in mercy mild
He gave the wound to bring him back his child.
'Twas mercy's self that laid thy idol low,
And dash'd thy cup with bitter drops of wo.
Come to his throne, there pour thy soul's distress,
He yet will pity, and forgive, and bless ;
Come to his throne ! his spirit can impart
Celestial balm to heal the breaking heart :
And when a few short years of life are o'er,
Thy Henry thou shalt meet to part no more."
Thus spoke RELIGION : was a heart e'er given
That would resist the eloquence of Heaven ?
The mourner kneels ; no more with sorrow wild—
"Receive, oh Father ! thy repeating child ;
Forgive the heart which fainted at thy rod,
Which mourn'd its Henry, and forgot its God ;

My earthly all to thee I now resign,
Oh ! heal my bleeding heart, and make it thine.
Attendant on RELIGION, MEMORY come !
Sweet, soothing maid ! and make my breast thy home,
The countless blessings of my life recall,
And raise my heart to him who gives me all :—
Here too, sweet HOPE ! thy joyous footsteps bend,
Come, charmer, come ! and be again my friend ;
Promise no transports by this poor world given,
But come with angel smile, and talk of heaven.”

When thus our earthly comforts far remove,
And the grave closes o'er the forms we love,
Religion comes to bring us sweet relief,
Sothes the sad heart, and gives a charm to grief ;
Tells us a Father pities our distress,
Corrects to heal, and wounds us but to bless ;
Lifts the adoring eye of faith above,
To him who loves us with a father's love.

Forc'd from his only darling child to part,
‘Twas this, La Roche ! that cheer'd thy aching heart

Thy faltering steps supported to her bier,
Mingl'd the christian's with the parent's tear ;
Rais'd the meek eye, submissive kiss'd the rod,
And saw the father in the chastening God ;
There, as he view'd thy sorrowing heart adore,
The melting sceptic* wish'd to doubt no more.

Close to her heart her only earthly joy,
The widow'd Mother clasps her beauteous boy,
With mournful pleasure views each dawning grace,
And bathes with Memory's tears his cherub face :
“Sweet face ! with all a father's beauty blest,
With every feature most beloved imprest,
My orphan babe ! no more a father's arms
Extend with rapture for thy infant charms ;
Two guardian hearts thy fate did once allow—
Thy mother's breast is all thy refuge now ;

* Hume.

In this sad breast life's flame doth dimly shine,
And shows THAT refuge cannot long be thine :
My wasting form bespeaks a hastening doom ;
Soon shall I join thy father in the tomb.
And must I go and leave his child behind,
A friendless orphan ! to a world unkind ?
Who then will watch thy steps, dispel thy fears,
Kiss from thy beanteous eyes the starting tears ?
My orphan babe unheeded will complain,
And seek a parent's fostering arms in vain ;
But why these sorrows ? why these guilty fears ?
Away, ye anxious, agonizing tears !
What though thy father, by misfortune's frown,
Could leave no wealth to rear his infant son ?
'Twas this sad thought embitter'd his last sigh,
Yet hope in heaven illum'd his closing eye ;
That sigh was heard, that hope its wish shall gain,
Ne'er can the Christian sigh and hope in vain.
Yes, thou sweet object of our tenderest cares,
We've laid thee up a treasury of prayers ;

And when death's slumber seals thy mother's eyes,
And the cold earth o'er her hush'd bosom lies,
The widow's God, the orphan's friend divine,
My heavenly Father will, my child! be thine.
Oh, ever faithful, merciful and just,
Receive a dying mother's precious trust."

The purest, tenderest love on earth confess,
Is that which warms a feeling mother's breast;
A thousand sweet emotions form a glow
None but her generous bosom e'er can know;
Yet cold that love a mother's breast reveals,
To that which God for all his children feels;
Could in one heart all human love appear,
T'were cold to that which met the soldier's spear.

He who for us the path of suffering trod,
Met all the wrath of an offended God,
Resign'd in deepest agonies his breath,
Pierced with our sins, yet lov'd us e'en in death,

Bore every sorrow that *we* none might prove—
Yes, bleeding Saviour, this indeed was love.
Mother! sweet name! invok'd in every pain,
Forever breath'd when infant lips complain—
First lov'd, first taught, in cherub accents sung,
When sounds imperfect flutter on the tongue;
Oh cherished name! by every tie endear'd,
So lov'd in childhood, and through life rever'd;
When memory lifts the veil of years between,
Gives to my view my childhood's rosy scene,
With each scene blended, thy dear form I trace,
Gaze on each feature of thy charming face;
Again our hearts thy fond caresses prove,
Thy pleasing tasks enforc'd with smiles and love;
Death from our arms thy guardian form convey'd,
E'er yet our years thy anxious cares repaid;
But why that mournful thought? thy God hath given
An earlier, richer recompence in heaven.
Time's lenient hand hath bid our grief remove,
We give thy gentle image only love;

The tear that bathes thy name from pain is free,
Peace loves the sigh that Memory gives to thee ;
But, recent grief compels the bitter tear,
And mourns, transcendent youth ! thy early bier :
Reluctant do I wake the heartfelt sigh,
And press the chord whose touch is agony ;
Fain would I spare the streaming eyes of those
Whose kindred hearts still bleed for kindred woes ;
But yet permit the pensive muse to come,
And drop one flow'ret on his laurelled tomb.

Here sleep those eyes where dwelt the soul enshrin'd,
Where dawn'd the heart, where flash'd the effulgent mind,
Whose rapid lightnings could conviction dart,
E'er yet his voice impressive reach'd the heart ;
O'er every noble feature genius shone,
And wrote in sunbeams, " see my favorite son,"
While heavenly virtue with her touch divine,
Bade genius' rays with brighter glory shine :
Nor was his form less perfect than his face,
The sculptor's model for all manly grace ;

Blest with those gifts to heaven's best favorites given,
With grateful heart he offer'd all to heaven;
To God he gave his talents and his youth,
And breath'd, with seraph voice, resistless truth;
His genius, glowing with celestial fire,
His matchless eloquence, his tuneful lyre,
The treasures his exhaustless mind possess'd,
By powers like mine can never be express'd;
These to portray must be the historian's part—
T'was our's to know his generous feeling heart;
In every sorrow it was our's to prove
The melting fondness of a brother's love—
Instructor! guardian! kind and gentle guide!
Thy heart our refuge, and thy name our pride!
Thy rising greatness was our hope's sweet dream,
Thy countless virtues memory's dearest theme.
Still is that morning present to my view,
When his lov'd voice pronounced its last adieu;
With lingering step he left his father's door;
(Those welcome footsteps shall return no more;)

A look of smiling tenderness he cast—
Oh ! darling brother ! was that look our last ?
On life's dark day will never more arise
The brightening dawn of those soul-speaking eyes ?
Soon came the tidings which bade peace depart,
And rent with anguish each devoted heart :
His ardent soul, of pure ethereal frame,
(Oh, far too ardent for his earthly frame,)
Sudden receiv'd the awful mandate given,
Had burst its mortal bands, and soar'd to heaven.
Oh, blest religion, t'was alone thy power
That could sustain the sorrows of that hour ;
Teach us to bid our mornings all depart,
And yield to God the idol of each heart.

What, gone forever ? all our wishes crost ?
No ! much lov'd brother, no ! thou art not lost ;
Fame's deathless garland, which thy name enwreathes,
Still in our path its soothing fragrance breathes ;
Thou art not lost !—a widow'd mother's care,
Two infant boys, thy beauteous image bear :

Thou art not lost!—for thy dear memory lives—
Thy blest example every precept gives ;
And while for thee we pour the unceasing tear,
Methinks thy angel spirit whispers near,
“ Let not such anguish’d tears my loss deplore,
We yet shall meet where tears will be no more.”

Lo! yon poor wretch, with guilt and misery prest,
Whose waken’d conscience racks his tortur’d breast;
The world pursues him with relentless scorn,
Far from that world he flies—sad, lost, forlorn :
Can Memory soothe him ?—no, she counts each crime
And haunts him with the ghost of murder’d time ;
What can Hope offer for a wretch’s ail,
Condemn’d by every law which heaven hath made ;
Prostrate he lies, all humbl’d in the dust ;
What can he hope since God is always just ?
A gentle voice forbids him to despair ;
Is there relief for him ?—oh tell him where :
Nail’d on the cross a bleeding Saviour dies,
And God accepts the bleeding sacrifice :—

Go, at his cross thy guilt and misery lay,
His streaming blood will wash them all away ;
Redeem'd, renew'd, approv'd, and pardon'd, rise !
Thy God can bless thee, though the world despise.

Lo ! on that dreary couch, where hovers death,
A harden'd atheist draws his gasping breath ;
On life's lov'd day he shuts reluctant eyes,
And dreams no future morning shall arise ;
Thinks in the grave to end his guilt and care,
And tries to hope his soul will perish there.
Cold fallacy ! and can the soaring mind,
Which e'en creation's limits cannot bind,
• Forever mounting to the realms of day,
Can it descend, and mingle with the clay ?
Or lives there one, whose soul of noble fire
Feels that it never—never can expire ?
And yet, distrustful of his Lord's commands,
He throws his sacred volume from his hands ;
Presumptuous dares its stamp divine disown,
And give to God a homage of his own.

His honor, nature, reason, are his guides,
And down the stream of life he smoothly glides.
See death approach, with all his trembling train
Of hopes and fears—of wishes—all in vain!
Yes, he must die ; he knows THAT fear is just ;
He feels he dies, yet knows not where to trust ;
He cannot disbelieve a future state,
Yet doubts distract him of his future fate :
Through his dark mind, what clouds uncertain roll !
No Saviour's smile to cheer his fainting soul—
No blissful hope of all his sins forgiven !
No sweet assurance of a promis'd heaven !
Clos'd is the eye, the ebbing pulse is dead ;
Fled is the soul—ah ! whither—whither fled ;
Lives there a mind where heaven profusely pours
Rich gifts of genius, learning's boundless stores—
Wit's sparkling eloquence, bright fancy's art,
With every charm that fascinates the heart ?
Who all ungrateful for such talents given,
Joins them to Satan's bands, and wars with heaven ;

Draws forth a brilliant pen, bids falsehood shine,
And breathes enchantment o'er each poison'd line ;
With fiend-like ardour dares fair truth oppose,
And makes his traitor gifts religion's foes ;
Oh ! yet relent ! what ! would thy cruel rage
Dash from the feeble arm the crutch of age ?
Remove the surest guide of giddy youth,
And drive the asking wanderer far from truth ?
Quench the sweet beam which lights each dark distress ?
Bid suffering virtue cease to hope redress ?
Silence the thankful heart for blessings given ?
Remove the childlike confidence in heaven ?
Take from the poor man all his lot that chears ?
Bid him in anguish steep his crust in tears ?
But say, oh ! canst thou, cruel as thou art !
Wrest the last treasure from the plunder'd heart ?
The last soft ray that gilds the vale below ?
That star that rises on the night of wo ?—
When the grave takes what earth can ne'er restore
Can thy hard bosom bid us meet no more ?

But if no pity can thy hand arrest,
Nor stay the baleful purpose of thy breast,
Oh ! yet relent—let fear thy soul alarm,
Dare not the thunder of the Almighty's arm.
Yet if no danger thy bold hand restrain,
If pity, terror, mercy, plead in vain,
Madman ! rush on, pursue thy dark design,
But know, to triumph never can be thine.
Ne'er hope to blot the gospel's sacred page;
It scorns thy malice—it derides thy rage.
First from its sphere bid yon bright orb be hurl'd,
And bid us wonder o'er a darken'd world ;
Thy vain attempts shall prove thine own disgrace,
And break like billows at the rock's firm base.
Or breathes there one who reads God's precious word—
Admires the precepts—says he loves the Lord,
And yet with blinded heart and thick-film'd eyes,
Sees only man—the atoning God denies ?

Who was that promis'd One, so long foretold,
Faith's straining vision languish'd to behold,



Shadowed with blood, to show redemption's plan,
Himself the sacrifice for ruin'd man ;
Dark ages roll, and lo ! the dawn appears,
Through a long vista of unfolding years,
He comes, the infant God descends to earth ;
And herald angels sing his joyful birth.
No marble palace with its lofty dome,
Becomes the heavenly stranger's honored home ;
A manger holds the God whom we adore,
Nor could earth's splendor's add one glory more.
Why does the world's Creator thus appear
Without a home ?—his kingdom is not here ;
No greeting princes throng the gladden'd plain,
But saints and angels form his only train.
Do heaps of slain and carnag'd fields afford
The trophies gain'd by his resistless sword ?
No, these are deeds by earthly heroes won,
Not such the triumphs of God's only son ;
The Father's image by his God approv'd,
Proclaim'd from heaven the Son of God belov'd :

The miracles he wrought while here below,
Were miracles of love o'er human wo ;
He heals the sick, bids Satan's fiends depart,
Raises the dead, and binds the bleeding heart ;
He heals the lame, the dumb, the deaf, the blind,
Pours peace and pardon o'er the guilty mind ;
By his blest hands are hungry thousands fed,
He is himself our soul's immortal bread ;
By his obedience and example given,
He marks with living light our path to heaven ;
He dies—in agonies fulfils his doom,
But rises, glorious conqueror of the tomb ;
'Tis done ! yet still on earth he deigns to say,
To soothe each fear, drive every doubt away :
But lo ! that bright resplendent morn appears,
And spreads its blushes round the glowing spheres,
Heaven's gates unfold their everlasting light,
And hosts of angels wait the enrapturing sight,
Impatient seraphs tune each golden string,
To sound the triumphs of their rising king ;

But oh ! what sound such ecstasy imparts,
'Tis like the music of dissolving hearts,
In feeling sweetness, seraphs strains above,
'Tis ransom'd saints that sing redeeming love.
Angels and saints unite in blest accord,
To welcome back their dear returning Lord.
To Bethany he leads his little band,
To bless them, see him lift each pierced hand,
See them his parting, tender charge receive,
Through them he blesses all that shall believe ;
He rises from the earth, a cloud of light,
A glorious cloud receives him from their sight ;
Swiftly it wafts him through the realms of air,
To Heaven, to live our intercessor there.

•

Think'st thou this God, this Saviour, e'er will own
That soulless homage paid to *man* alone ?
Oh ! poor return for all thy love hath done,
Thou man of sorrows, God's eternal Son ;
And did'st thou leave thy heaven and die for this ?
Again does Judas giye his traitor kiss ?

From thee Redemption's diadem is torn,
Again thy sacred brows are pierc'd with thorn ;
They from thy hands thy kingdom's sceptre bear,
And place a reed, the insulting emblem, there ;
Again the Lord of life is mock'd and tried,
And worse than foes—by *friends* is crucified.

But weep not, Christians, do not yet complain,
Nor fear the Saviour's blood hath flowed in vain ;
Ten thousand, thousand, thousand, round his throne
Bless their Redeemer God—his glory own,
And yet ten thousand, thousand, thousand, more
Shall hail his name from earth's remotest shore ;
To him all nations come, all hearts shall bless,
Each knee shall bow, and every tongue confess ;
O'er the whole earth his knowledge shall o'erflow,
As the waves wash the ocean's deeps below.

MISCELLANEOUS PIECES.

LUKE, CHAPTER 23, VERSE 34.

Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do.

Now dark and darker grew the hour,
His cup of suffering overflows,
Death hastens on, with awful power,
His spotless, earthly life to close.

Dread hour! when God his Son forsook,
And all the curse of sin pour'd down,
When earth to her foundations shook,
And darken'd nature felt his frown.

Thick clouds of anguish onward roll'd,
The tempest of an angry God;
He views the amazing scene unfold.
Yet firm the almighty victim stood.

Forsook by all, deny'd, betray'd,
Condemn'd, his father's frown to prove,
He sees it all, yet undismay'd,
Pursues his wonderous work of love.

Still for his own his wishes rise,
Still are his saints his dying care,
He to his Father lifts his eyes,
He breathes for them his soul in prayer.

While nail'd upon the cross he hung,
And pour'd forth his atoning blood,
Still blessings trembled on the tongue,
Of the expiring Saviour God.

Oh! in each humble, faithful heart,
May his dear memory ever live,
To bid revengeful thoughts depart,
And teach us, like him, to forgive.

When treacherous foes our peace invade,
Or deepest injuries fire our rage,
Oh thou! who for thy murderers pray'd,
The painful, guilty storm assuage.

Thy name bids every passion cease,
But that of fervent love divine,
For oh! thou bleeding Prince of Peace!
What love hath ever equall'd thine?

CHRISTIAN HOPE.

Though clouds obscure my youthful days,
And darkness o'er my morning skies,
The sun may break with dazzling blaze,
And in meridian splendor rise.

And though these clouds, with thickening gloom,
And gathering shades, should still increase,
Nor leave me till I find my tomb,
Yet there at last will all be peace.

Oh silent mansion! bed of rest!
Retreat from sorrow, pain, and care!
No storms thy slumbers can molest,
No cruel arrows reach me there.



In deep repose there dwell the just,
No heart bleeds there, no passion sighs,
There sleeps my mother's sacred dust,
And there my much-lov'd brother lies.

But is this silent, dark retreat,
All that a Christian dares to claim ?
Does he approach the mercy seat,
And ask a *grave* in Jesus' name ?

Did Jesus leave his throne on high,
And death with every anguish brave ?
And did he groan, and bleed and die,
To give his ransom'd ones a *grave* ?

And is this all his power hath wrought ?
His perfect life, his bitter woes ?
And is this all his blood hath bought ?
And all his matchless love bestows ?

Oh sinner ! doom'd in depths below
Thy endless misery to deplore,
Art thou redeem'd from deathless wo,
And dar'st thou, sinner, ask for more ?

Oh yes ! my Saviour's precious blood
Hath purchas'd more ; in him I trust :
Dear faithful Saviour ! pitying God !
Thou wilt not leave me in the dust.

Oh well have I deserv'd the doom
From which thy grace hath set me free,
And yet I hope to hail the tomb,
But only as the door to thee.

I ask not cold unconscious rest,
Not such thy glorious promise given ;
I ask to be forever blest,
I ask a crown—I ask a heaven.

REVELATIONS, CHAPTER 22, VERSE 16.

The bright and morning star.

From friends belov'd and comfort far,
While tears of memory bathe my face,
Rise on my heart "bright morning star,"
With all thy beams of heavenly grace.

Oh glorious star! lead on the day
Whose light alone can make me blest;
All clouds of sorrow flee thy ray,
And grief forsakes the troubled breast.

Grant me that light thy gospel knows,
Grant me that peace by thee reveal'd,
The peace this faithless world bestows,
Is treacherous—'tis but wo conceal'd.

Why do these restless wishes rise ?
These anxious hopes ? this torturing fear ?
For earthly treasures why these sighs ?
My Saviour's kingdom is not here.

My all to thee I now resign,
To thee I raise my longing eyes ;
Bright star ! oh shed ! thy rays divine,
Oh ! sun of righteousness arise.

THE DYING FATHER.

“ Soon as this painful throb hath fled,
How sweet in sleep I then shall rest ; ”
He said—he bow’d his reverend head,
And slumber’d on his Saviour’s breast.

Saviour ! to thee he gave his days,
Firm faith in thee his acts proclaim,
With what a zeal he lov’d thy praise !
With what a voice announced thy name !

A precious charge he leaves thee, Lord !
The object of his tenderest cares,
The guardian of the wealth he stor’d
For them—a treasury of prayers.

That charge the faithful Lord *will* take,
Of all that do his name confess ;
Not one of us will he forsake,
Not one but he will love and bless.

'Midst welcoming kindred throngs of light,
A well-known form advancing shone ;
He views, and oh ! transporting sight !
He meets—he hails his seraph son.

Who o'er his father's life had thrown
A long—and ah ! how bright a ray !
That son, so lov'd ! heaven claim'd its own,
And clouds the father's closing day.

Was heaven unkind ? speak glorious saint,
To whom its smiles no more conceal'd ;
Whose bliss no human thought can paint,
Nor ear hath heard—nor tongue reveal'd.

Our heavenly Father ! at thy throne
We pour our woes ; we yet may prove,
Our bleeding bosoms yet may own,
This bitter cup was mix'd in love.

Our Lord ! Our God, to thee we pray,
Bid every murmuring thought depart :
hou wilt not take thyself away ;
Let this blest thought console each heart.

NIGHT VISION.

Her head was reclin'd on the pillow of night,
And clos'd were her eyes upon day's mournful truth,
When fancy brought back, on her wings of delight,
The sleeper's sweet childhood—the dawn of her youth.

A mother's fond care o'er her childhood presides,
Those eyes of affection how mildly they beam !
Her precept to Heaven and happiness guides :
The sleeper's heart throbs with the exquisite dream.

Her sisters! oh lov'd ones! how bright they appear !
Dear forms! as they rise, they new transports impart,
To catch their sweet accents her soul is all ear ;
She feels their fond pressure—she leans on each heart.



A brother's dear name fame's loud clarion repeats,
While praises and blessings the sounds still pursue ;
The sleeper's charm'd bosom with ecstasy beats,
And deep glows her cheek with joy's roseate hue.

Her father, her father, oh vision divine !
That brings her the image her heart most reveres ;
It bends o'er to bless her, with looks so benign,
That the sleeper's clos'd eye-lashes glitter with tears.

Now morn ~~washes~~ those eyes which the night had so blest
It wakes to bedew them with memory's tear;
Ye visions of bliss that enraptured her rest ;
Oh ! tell her, ye lov'd ones ! are none of you near ?

Oh where is her mother ? her infancy's friend !
Whose precept instructed each virtue to prize ?
Earth knows her no more—early called to ascend,
She relinquished her charge, and repair'd to the skies.

Her brother ! to heaven he hallow'd his bloom,
With a seraph's devotion gave each glowing fire,
Genius sighs, science droops, virtue weeps o'er his tomb,
And hush'd are the chords of his exquisite lyre.

Her father ! how deep heaves the agoniz'd sigh !
Thy records, oh death ! her heart's treasures enrol ;
That awful, that tender, that eloquent eye,
And that voice which once startled the slumbering soul

But hush'd be each murmur, suppress'd every sigh,
Let each tear from the tremulous eyelid be driven ;
Oh mourner ! oh orphan ! from earth raise thine eye ;
Thy treasures of earth are now treasures in heaven.

Thy sisters those lov'd ones ! thou yet shalt behold ;
Again shalt thine eyes rest on faces so dear ;
Their welcoming arms thy form shall enfold,
Thou shalt feel their fond pressure, their sweet accent
hear.

Oh bless them, dear Saviour! and breathe o'er each heart,
Thy spirit the earnest of glory divine ;
And though scatter'd on earth we now sorrowing part,
We shall meet in thy heaven—forever be thine.

JOHN, CHAPTER 11, VERSE 35.

Jesus wept.

When Mary heard the Lord was near,
She weeping ran and prostrate cry'd,
"Oh Lord ! my Lord ! hadst thou been here,
Thy friend, my brother had not died."

The Saviour's pitying heart was mov'd,
His spirit spoke in troubled sighs,
Inquire'd the tomb of him he lov'd,
"Oh come, my Lord ! see where he lies !"

And "Jesus wept," those eyes divine,
Where opening heaven to faith appears,
Where God's resplendent glories shine,
Are dimm'd with softest human tears.

Then weeping, to the grave they led ;
He bids "take ye the stone away,"—
"Four days, my Lord, he hath been dead,
Nought there remains but mouldering clay."

"Come forth," then cried the Lord of all,
Thy victor comes—Death cease thy strife ;
Death heard dismay'd his conqueror's call,
And gave his prisoner back to life.

Ascended Saviour ! heaven ador'd !
Does mortal grief thy heart still move ?
My weeping God ! my bleeding Lord !
Ah ! who can ever doubt thy love ?

What heavenly peace thy word imparts !
Our hearts burn in us as we read,
Come here, ye mourning, breaking hearts,
And view the Saviour that ye need.

He can remove each pain you dread,
His healing hand will wipe your eyes,
And when you mourn your comforts dead,
Will bid far sweeter comforts rise.

In life, in death—in him we trust,
On earth his smiles shall cheer our breast,
And he will wake our sleeping dust,
To live with him forever blest.

LINES

Written in the " Guide to Domestic Happiness."

Oh, thou ! whose gospel first didst peace impart,
And call'd to bliss my wandering, mourning heart,
Whose mercy pardons, and whose heavenly power
Sheds tenderest blessings on each passing hour,
Ah ! should I e'er so lost, so wretched be,
To give my heart to one that loves not thee ;
Whose lips nor conduct own, nor seek my God,
Nor ask an interest in my Saviour's blood ;
What e'er his charms, his virtues, or his love,
My heart might break ; its purpose should not move ;
My hand ? oh never, never should he gain,
His love—nay mine—should plead, should weep in vain.

My Heavenly Father, shouldst thou *only* lend
To me the name of child, of sister, friend ;

Subdue my wayward wishes to thy will,
Teach me with joy each duty to fulfil ;
But guard from love my heart, my ears, my eyes,
And shield my peace from its seductive sighs :
From pangs of hopeless love my bosom spare,
Nor let its torturing arrows rankle there.
My lovely friend ! thy Guide I now restore ;
It claims as duty, what was choice before ;
And, oh ! when love, in lasting, hallowed bands,
Shall join congenial hearts, and yielding hands,
May the dear youth, so favored and so blest,
The earthly sovereign of thy feeling breast,
May he, with heart renew'd by grace divine,
Adore, with thee, the God that made him thine.

Oh blest Religion ! thou canst bid us prove,
New joys in friendship, softer charms in love ;
The ties thou forms't more lasting joys contain,
Than all romance or fancy e'er could feign :

Then souls unite, and heavenly hope the same,
Each passion glows a brighter, holier, flame.
How sweet the mutual faith! the banish'd fear!
The answering smile! the sympathetic tear!
How sweet with hearts imprest for blessings given,
To breathe united gratitude to Heaven!
How sweet through life to share one fate, one heart,
With the blest hope in heaven no more to part!

A VIEW OF DEATH.

'Tis o'er—that deep sigh was the last,
The last of mortal grief and pain,
Death's gloomy horrors all are past,
And finish'd all his mournful reign.

Around the couch in deep distress,
The earthly friends desponding sigh,
Their trembling hands the pale brow press,
And close the dim and soulless eye.

And is this all of one so dear,
Those lifeless lips no more will move,
To utter sounds so sweet to hear,
So full of wisdom and of love.



How pale that cheek, where lately bloom'd
The heart's warm blush, health's roseate hue,
The shrouded form must be entomb'd,
And shut forever from our view.

How sad to mortal eyes this seems—
Oh could we lift the thick dark shade
That veils this land of empty dreams,
From that where glories never fade.

Then where our mortal eyes now see,
The form in death's cold sleep recline,
We'd view the soul from sorrow free,
Exulting in its change divine.

Where mourning friends now meet our sight,
Weeping their dear one's early doom,
We'd see rejoicing throngs of light,
To hail the happy spirit home.

Still higher visions on us break,
Angels and Saints adoring bend ;
Spirit ! to endless rapture wake—
Thy God appears, thy Saviour, friend ?

'Tis he ! the joy of every Saint—
Death's glorious conqueror—Prince of Grace ;
Nor pen, nor tongue, nor thought can paint
The beauties of his heavenly face.

He speaks ! the highest seraph's lyre,
In the full choir of heavenly song,
Could not such ecstasy inspire,
As that to which his words belong.

"Thou blessed of my Father come,
Enter thy long prepar'd abode,
Thy glorious everlasting home,
Bought with my sufferings and my blood.



Transporting sounds, how sweet they flow ;
Yet as the spirit soars above,
It casts upon its friends below
A parting glance of pitying love,

Farewell, then, happy, happy soul,
Up to his courts with Jesus go,
Ages on endless ages roll,
Yet still increasing glory know.

And is this death ? then why this gloom,
Why meet this friend with weeping eyes,
That drops his fetters in the tomb,
And lifts the spirit to the skies.

DESPONDENCY.

I thought of friends forever dear,
Whose smiles have cheered my earthly day,
How sad would be the parting tear,
What grief surround the lifeless clay ?

I thought of him, so good, so kind,
His silent and his cherish'd wo,
And how his manly, christian mind,
Would struggle to sustain the blow.

Two infant forms, so sweet, so fair,
Would then the aching heart possess,
Who long will want a mother's care,
Their untaught steps to guide and bless.

These thoughts arrest the soaring mind,
And force it back to darker day,
The soul sinks down with earth entwin'd,
And all Heaven's visions flee away.

The seraph's harp no more it hears,
In heavenly song so full, so sweet,
But all dissolv'd in nature's tears,
Sinks weeping at its Saviour's feet.

PSALM 23, VERSE 4.

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for thou art with me ; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.

Though with friends and relations with sorrow I part,
And the gloom of the valley affrights my sad heart,
Yet thy voice my dear Saviour can banish each fear,
And whisper my soul that thy heaven is near.

When pain rends my frame, and I struggle for breath,
And my pale brow is wash'd with the cold dew of death,
I will think on thy anguish, thy groans on the tree,
And how dearly thy love purchas'd heaven for me.

When on Jordan's dear borders, where shrinking I view,
The cold and dark waters my soul must pass through,
I will think *Thou art with me !* and then my blest soul,
Shall mount on the cold waves as darkly they roll.

If my faith should now faint, or like Peter's should fail,
And trembling and sinking, my terrors prevail,
I will call on my Saviour, and his gentle hand,
Shall raise me and lead me to heavenly land.

If my eyes should grow dim, and ne longer can see
Those long cherish'd promises glorious and free,
I will call on my Saviour, he'll clear my dim sight,
And unfold a bright vision of heavenly light.

Then why the dark hour of death should we fear,
'Tis an hour of rapture when Jesus is near;
'Tis the Christian's bright Pisgah; his purified eyes
Views his Father's own country—his Home in the skies.

Oh ask not his stay—a king's throne and power,
Are too poor to invite him to linger one hour;
Oh ask not his stay, for his chariot is come,
And Angels are waiting to fly with him home.

A HYMN.

Yes, I will go, my Saviour calls,
I'll leave my worldly cares behind,
Enter my heavenly Father's walls,
And offer him a heart resign'd.

Resign'd—and canst thou give no more ?
Oh yes: when he his love reveals,
When my heart counts his mercies o'er,
It scarce hath room for all it feels.

And canst thou count his mercies o'er ?
First count each sand that bounds his sea,
Count every star that paves his floor,
Then count his acts of love to thee.

MISCELLANEOUS PIECES.

Encircled, cherish'd, here below,
By friends, relations, children dear;
Oh thou ! from whom these blessings flow,
Teach me thy goodness to revere.

Still greater blessings hast thou given,
My soul enraptur'd reads thy word ;
Where faith surveys its promis'd heaven,
Thy gift my dying, rising Lord !

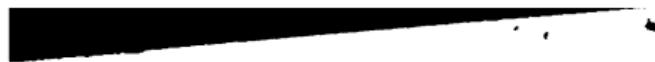
And when opprest with nature's gloom,
We weep for those our hearts still prize ;
Faith lifts the eye that bathes their tomb,
To view them glorious in the skies.

Oh cherish'd hope ! bright star of peace !
To the dark night of sorrow given,
To bid despairing murmurs cease,
The lost on earth are found in Heaven.

All pains are past, all sins forgiven,
There Jesus' praise all hearts employ:
And where he reigns, in heart or heaven,
All must be love, and all be joy.

Oh Saviour God ! our sacrifice !
How does the kindling spirit burn !
The human heart exhausted sighs,
And mourns as poor its best return.

THE END.

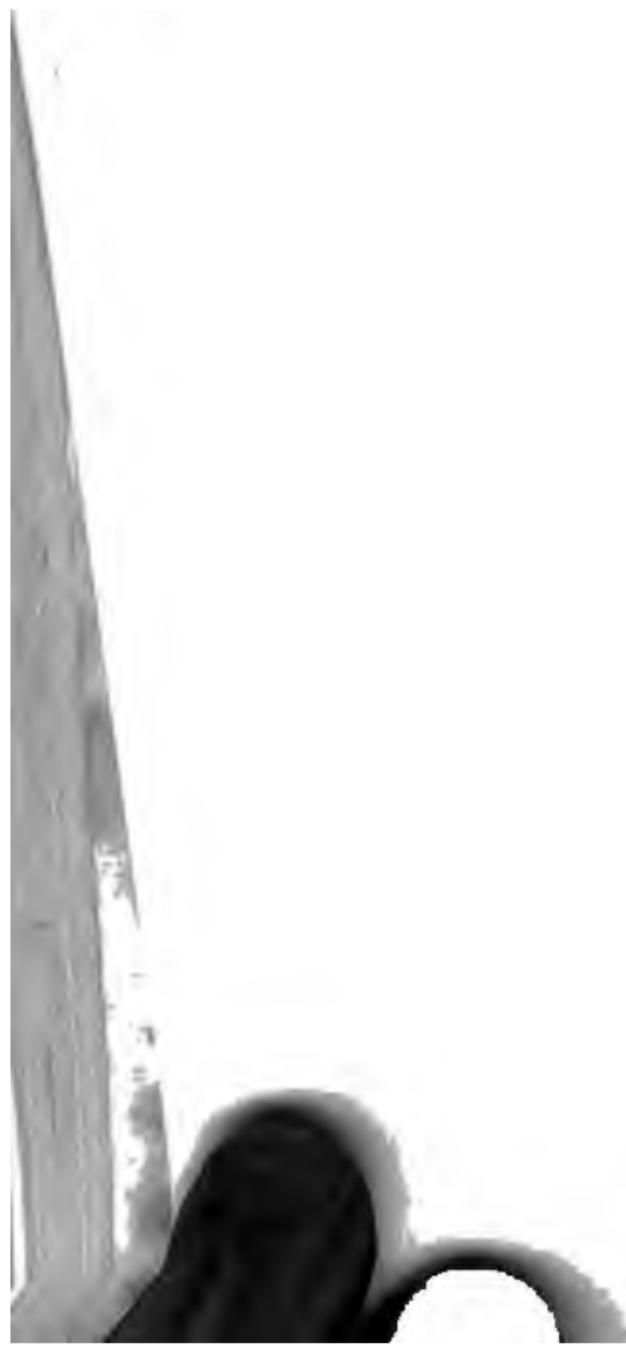














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